Miſt. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with find & recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt. Ford. Shall wee tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will bee ſtill the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir, Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a weeke at commaund. I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scœna

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Euan. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man uer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth doe what thou I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke o

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Euans. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuer has bin greeuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-th there ſhould be terror in him, that hee ſhould not c Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue n ſires,

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him when he c And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thither.

Miſ. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Her* Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſ Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,